

# Quid Novi

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UNIVERSITE MCGILL FACULTE DE DROIT

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le 26 novembre 1990

## HEDONISM THROUGHOUT THE AGES

by Michael Wilhelmson, LL.B. III

A study completed recently at Carleton University's Hedonistic Institute has revealed a dramatic evolution of hedonistic tendencies from early times to the present. Life, the study concluded, is and has always been for the sole purpose of seeking titillation. The evolution has occurred in the sorts of pleasures sought, not in the general obsession:

1 - Socrates (Greece 400 B.C.). Favourite modes of titillation include claiming to know nothing, making enemies, corrupting the youth of Athens and choosing the worst possible moment to joke about free meals at public expense. Favourite aperitif is not

hemlock.

2 - Marcus Publius (Rome 60 A.D.). Favourite pastimes include invading Gaul and chuckling during discussions on the reunification of the German barbarians. Favourite joke is putting a prisoner in an iron bull over a slow fire and listening to the bellow.

3 - Friar Knut (Wessex 840 A.D.). Hobbies include selling discounts on purgatory and the bodily parts of various saints, but prefers raising hounds and cavorting with the nuns. Does not know the name of the rose, nor has he read Aristotle's Poetics. However, does enjoy the seamier parts of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

4 - Marquis de Mondieu (Burgundy 1770 A.D.). Greatest pleasure is being inherently superior and riding prized stallions at breakneck speed through crowded marketplaces. Enjoys dangerous liaisons with the younger members of the court, and a good game of whist before the Estates General. Dabbles in Rousseau.

5 - Comrade Yuri (Kiev 1965 A.D.). Enjoys repeating the phrase: "The personal life is dead in Russia," and "Production is up 45 per cent." Secretly watches Doctor Zhivago and Party showings of Danish soft porn. Favourite laws are those involving "hooliganism," and "chauvinism."

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## My Children! My Africa!

by Anne-Marie Waters, LLB III

As you walk into the theatre, the image on a large screen at the back of the stage can leave you in little doubt about the message of the play you are about to see. An enormous black hand fills the screen, its fingers stretched outwards in a gesture of power, defiance and anger.

«My Children! My Africa!», currently running at the Centaur theatre until December 16, is a play about the evils of apartheid. Like all Athol Fugard's

plays, it examines the misunderstandings between whites and blacks in South Africa, the deep hatred and the overwhelming anger.

But in «My Children! My Africa!», Fugard has taken his theme a little bit further. Instead of focusing his attention solely on the relationships between whites and blacks, Fugard, himself a white South African, widens the circle to include a searing condemnation of violence within the black community.

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McGILL UNIVERSITY

NOV 26 1990



## ANNOUNCEMENTS/ANNONCES

**EXAMINATION INFORMATION** - Please consult Board #3 every so often for guidelines and up-to-the-minute information. Identification on examinations is by exam number, which is now available at SAO. Get it now and avoid confusion later. No one will be permitted into the exam room without an I.D. card and an exam number. Note carefully: The last day of classes is Friday, November 30th. The last day to hand in essays and term papers is Monday, December 3. A general briefing on examination procedures will be held on Thursday, Nov. 22, at 12:00 (noon) in the Moot Court. All students are invited to attend and first-year students are particularly urged to attend.

**PLACEMENT OFFICE UPDATE** - Due to timetable conflicts of Biblical proportions, the new and improved office hours are as follows: Monday: 2-3; Tuesday: 10-11. If these times still present problems, feel free to call Drew Berman at 485-2649, in order to set up a mutually convenient time.

**LEGAL THEORY WORKSHOP** - Professor Greg Craven, Senior Lecturer in Law at the University of Melbourne, will speak at noon on

Friday, Nov. 30 in room 202 on the topic of: «Of Federalism, Secession, Canada and Québec».

**GRADUATION PHOTOS** - Attention les finissants! Graduation photos will be taken in the Faculty in mid-January. Keep your eyes and ears open for details.

**SÉMINAIRES DE DROIT CONSTITUTIONNEL** - Le professeur de Mestral recherche quatre étudiants intéressés à diriger des séminaires en droit constitutionnel (03) au deuxième trimestre. Prière de s'adresser au 398-6643.

**GUIGNOLÉE 1990** - For all of you out there who forgot to drop off your non-perishable food items at last Thursday's Coffee House (shame on you!), a box is still available at the L.S.A. office for you to do so. As well, a deposit box is available at the Sadie's counter for all your cash donations. All food and money collected will be passed on to Sun Youth. The Christmas baskets put together will be distributed to families in the Montréal area and will bring a little warmth and joy to those who, especially at this time of year, really need it. I thank

you for your generosity and for remembering those who are too often forgotten. Happy holiday season! Marie Lussier.

**MEREDITH LECTURES** - On Nov.30-Dec. 1, the Meredith Memorial Lectures will take place in the Moot Court Room. This year's topic is: «Commercial Crimes and Commercial Law».

**LEGAL INFORMATION CLINIC** - Early reminder: we invite former volunteers and interested students (2nd, 3rd & 4th years) to pick-up applications at S.A.O. for the Winter 1991 term. Forms will be available January 7, 1991. Think ahead, think about volunteering & we look forward to seeing you!

**WOMEN & THE LAW/LAWYERS FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY** - Proudly present: *Between a Rock and a Hard Place: Women, Poverty and Welfare Law in Québec: A Panel Discussion*. The panelists will include: David Cassidy (welfare rights activist; coalition for the rights of welfare recipients); Richard Goldman (lawyer); Sharon McCullough (social worker; YWCA); Regena Russell (welfare rights advocate). The discussion will take place on Wednesday, Nov. 21, from 12-2 p.m., in the Moot Court room.

### A Short History of Skit Night

by Jim O'Brien, LLB II (for the non-creative portion of the committee)

The history: last year there was a Skit Night (formerly Skit Nite) and there was one before that, and if we're pushed we will admit that there was one before that year too. Jumping ahead quickly - there will be a Skit Night this year. It will be held some time in March (usually the Ides), at night (hence Skit Night), in the Union Ballroom. All proceeds will go to charities.

This year's presentation will be a little different. For one thing, we have asked Santa for a set and as we have been good boys and girls we expect him to follow through. In addition, we have decided to link the sketches (formerly skits) with greater overall cohesion to one theme. Well... that's not quite true. We have decided to link the sketches according to the colour of the costume of the preceding performer. The breakdown is as follows: first act: primary colours; second act: pastels; finale: a kind of Jackson Pollackesque smattering of all of the above.

So what's required now is writing and performing input: submissions for this year's Skit Night (all interested parties) may be dropped off in the «Missile and Rockets» Journal folder, Vol. 13 (July-Dec. 1993) on the 4th floor of the library (seriously). Your name and telephone number would be an incredible asset to this enterprise. The deadline is the third week of January (prior to Law Games). Proviso: Writers should set their sketches, as much as possible, to a courtroom setting.

## Coin des Sports Corner

by Lori Knowles, LLB III

Ho Hum, the exam crunch is on and that means don't neglect your body just because you're wearing out your mind! Keep up your squash elbow and ride those bikes. When your spirits get low, dream of shooshing down the slopes, sledding with your nieces and nephews, gliding over the local rink and Law Games '91. Good ole' winter traditions of «angel-making» and snow fort-building are highly recommended for exam-fever.

In the meantime, imagine your stuffy apartment is an après-ski chalet equipped with fireplace and bear-skin rug. Don't despair folks, the break will come and your pale, drawn faces will once again be rosy-cheeked.

Final note! This semester has been fantastic for participation in the intramural program. Thanks to all who helped, participated and cheered. Next semester our quest for glory continues and Law Games is the time to make our mark.

Joyeux Noël et Happy Hanukah.

Kanolies

P.S. The Squash Ladder is up and functioning. For those persons who have yet to get a tag, contact Andrew L. or Lori K.. As of Wednesday, Nov. 28, the Ladder positions will be frozen. La seule façon de se déplacer sur l'échelle après cette date sera de gagner (ou de perdre!). Avis aux participants: pour jouer, il faut téléphoner, n'attendez pas qu'on vous appelle!

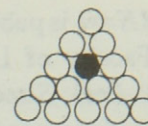
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# BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL



by Susan Abramovitch and Richard Rosensweig, Nat'l IV

For reasons known only to ourselves we have decided that there are far too many articles in the Quid about law school, and not enough about everything else in the world. Of course we don't know much about everything else in the world; all we know about is pool.

Pool, Billiards, shooting stick, call it what you wil, it's a bit more fun than Private International Law (currently rumoured to be the only ball game in town), and easier to understand. The point is, we love it.

First of all there two basic types of places in which to play pool: 1. Bars, 2. Pool Halls. The distinction is more than simply academic. In bars you pay by the game (50c or 75c), whereas in pool halls you pay by the hour (between \$6 and \$9). In pool halls, moreover, you have to bring a partner whereas in bars you will usually be playing with other players who "hold" the table for as long as they win.

Now, enough theory! Let's get to the practical stuff, where to go. Here is the start of the Rich and Sue hangout circuit.

## Bars

1. Café Romolo, 254 Bernard W. Romolo may be the king of pool hangouts. All the necesssities of life are in one location. Food (sandwiches, desserts), Cappucino, booze (watchout kids, they have Newcastle Brown Ale, which is not easy to get in a pool joint in this town), and two tables. Romolo's unique atmoshpere is the perfect après-Rialto treat, however the place does present certain challenges. Beer must be kept on a tiny shelf dividing the licensed and unlicensed parts of the place, also

patience is required as line-ups for tables are usually long.

2. Au Bobard, St. Laurent, corner Marie Anne. This is your average St. Laurent bar - with a twist. The attraction of this place is definitely the huge copper bins of unshelled peanuts. Where else can you score mounds of free munchies, and toss the shells on the floor without facing an angry bouncer? The place only has one table, but it is civilized. Players sign up on the board, rather than risk the loss of carefully placed quarters to unscrupulous types.

3. Steel Monkey, St. Laurent, corner Rachel. Don't get nervous! There is no line up to get into the cage section of this otherwise too-trendy-for-words hangout. There is only one table, and no great booze, but the music is more interesting than the usual top-forty stuff.

4. Bar St. Laurent, 3874 St. Laurent. This venerable main institution may be the pool junky's hall of fame. Although very competitive, B.S.L. pool players do not resent newcomers.. The place is very uncrowded during the day for those who want to avoid the pressure of a packed evening pool- a-thon. And, don't forget, this is a second Newcastle location.

5. Café du Poète, 3956A St. Laurent. This place is virtually charmless, but this is its charm. Aside from the big-screen T.V., this one-table pool dive is without distinguishing feature.

6. La Cervoise, 4457 St. Laurent. The only listing where you can get delicious home-made brew, pale or brown. The jiffy-pop style popcorn is also a treat. FInally, don't adjust your glasses, the pool table is blue.

7. St. Laurent Bifteck, 3072 St. Laurent.

This very crowded journalists den has two tables, a large screen T.V. and BEEF. That is, the charcoal broiled kind.

8. Balmoral - across the street from St. Laurent Bifteck. This is a lot like the place across the street, but hold the beef. Also, the graffiti-painted decor is inspiring.

9. Bar St. Viateur, 520 St. Viateur O. We give this to you reluctantly - this is our newly discovered hangout of choice. There are two ancient and temperamental tables in the back. No matter what the hour we know there is one waiting for us. Bar St. Viateur has all the essentials: food, booze and cappuccino; we caution that this is primarily patroned by insiders.

## Pool Halls

We generally avoid pool halls due to the added expense. But when we can't bear the line-ups during an intense pool craving this is where we go.

1. Mt. Royal, 551 Mt. Royal E. You will learn how to play chess by necessity to relieve the boredom of waiting for a table. At Mt. Royal you have the choice of boston or snooker. Once you get a table your time is unlimited, you can even take a break and get a poutine at the snackbar. Although Sue is a formidable and fearless, we choose Mt. Royal becuase it's clientele is less surly than that of the other pool emporial in the area.

2. Somerled Pool Academy, 6434 Somerled. Teenage mutant suburban pool heaven. High school rebel-without-a-cause wannabee's flock to the academy for their early pool education. Go there if you want to relive your first haul of a cigarette vicariously through them.

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## JIM'S CORNER: The Sleep Curve

by James Hughes, BCL III

Who doesn't awake in the morning and pray for more sleep? Who doesn't love it and dream about it? Sleep, nature's most glorious gift to us, is without doubt the most hedonistic of pleasures.

Did you know that we curl up into little fetal balls for 30% of our entire existence? Did you realize that if you hit the snooze button more than twice before you get up, you're likely to be 40% more tired that day than if you had simply "sprang" out of bed? Hey, springing is for slinkies, not students.

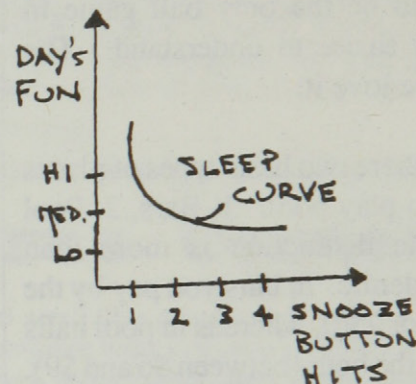
I'm told, however, that for some people, leaping out of bed is the rule while horizontality is the exception. There are two theories that may explain this phenomenon.

The first concerns kindergarten. If you went to the morning kindergarten class when you were a kid you're more likely

to bound out of bed than if you went to the afternoon kindergarten class. So which did you go to?

The second theory is the excitement thesis. If there's fun stuff to do on a particular day, a person will probably launch the sheets and head for the bathroom.. Acceleration to bladder relief is inevitably delayed, however, if one is faced with classes, essays and vegetable paté sandwiches.

Out of this second theory comes the SLEEP CURVE:



Con't on p. 5

## Montréal: la cité du ciné

par Olivier Boyer, LLM - Institut de droit comparé

Je dois commencer par un aveu: J'aime les images qui bougent! Mais attention, pas toutes les images. Ne me parlez pas de celles étriquées, amputées, voir coloriées que l'on retrouve dans le petit aquarium cathodique, ou encore de celles en conserve que vous livrez en pâture à vos magnétoscopes. Je n'ai d'amour et de passion que pour les «vraies», grandes, belles images: celles qui nous obligent à avoir la tête haute dans les salles obscures; celles qui s'imposent à nous et que l'on ne peut chasser d'un coup de télécommande; enfin, celles qui servent d'alibi aux amours naissantes et aux mangeurs de maïs éclaté.

Et Montréal dans tout ça? Montréal, c'est le Paradis sur Terre, tout du moins pour les cinéphiles francophones ou anglophones! On peut tout voir: en version originale, avec ou sans sous-titres; il suffit pour cela d'un peu d'organisation. En effet, le plus difficile est de planifier sa semaine, car entre le Rialto, le Cinéma de Paris, le Ouimetoscope, la Cinémathèque et les autres salles de répertoire, il est souvent difficile de choisir. Heureux Montréalais, connaissez-vous votre bonheur? À une époque où les salles «d'art et d'essais» disparaissent des grandes capitales européennes, votre ville est sans conteste l'un des derniers bastions des images qui bougent.

Suite à la p. 7



### Children...

#### Con't from p. 1

The result is a devastating portrayal of a people torn apart as much by their own suspicion and distrust of one another as of the white ruling class.

The story is based on a news item that came out of South Africa several years ago. A local newspaper there reported that a black schoolteacher who defied a local boycott was beaten and «necklaced» as a police collaborator by a black mob. («Necklacing» means placing an oil-soaked tire around a person's neck and setting it on fire). Out of that one small story grew «My Children! My Africa!».

But «My Children! My Africa!» is more than a play about necklacing. It goes beyond racism and hate and anger. For Fugard, racism and apartheid are a given. Eventual freedom for blacks in South Africa is a given. What he's more interested in is the path to freedom and its acceptance. There are, he suggests, a number of different routes available to South Africa's blacks. The ANC has chosen one route. In «My Children! My Africa», Fugard offers another.

«My Children! My Africa!» opens with a debate on the equality of the sexes between two 18-year-old students, Thami (Michael Edwards), a black student, and Isabel (Soo Garay), a white student. But this is feminism within a South African context: for Thami, it's a foreign ideal imported from the predominantly white Western world. For Isabel, it's a reality which must be accepted for the blacks of South Africa to be considered as equals.

As the play develops, the debate continues, its subject changes to the legitimacy of terrorism. As Thami becomes increasingly enamoured by the vitality and the power of the mob, his teacher, Mr. M. (Errol Slue), strives to convince him that the only acceptable means to freedom is through the power of speech. He believes in education as the

great liberator: only when South African's young blacks are capable of attacking the whites with that most deadly of weapons - the spoken word - will the blacks achieve equality, he says.

It's a powerful play that is, for the most part, well acted. Centaur Artistic Director Maurice Podbrey does a superb job of directing his actors through a series of lengthy monologues. A monologue can so easily become tedious - but here, they're some of the strongest moments in the play.

The play does have its weak points. The first act goes on for at least 20 minutes too long. There's a lengthy tennis match of sorts in which Thami and Isabel hurl quotations from 19th-century British poets at one another. It's pointless, totally contrived and very tiresome. Another weak element is Isabel's character. Her cocky, ultra-English schoolgirl airs are so annoying that you're ready to wrap her hockey stick around her neck by the end of the play.

All in all, this is an excellent show, probably one of the best we'll see out of the Centaur this year. A reminder: if you go Tuesday through Thursday and Sunday nights, you can catch the \$14 student price.

### Sleep...

#### Con't from p.4

On the other hand, it is conceivable that a quick sprint to Raisin Bran and coffee can occur even on a boring day. It's also possible that even if one leads an exciting life, one still requires bonus magical minutes (b.m.m.) in the morning (a.m.) (i.e: b.m.m. in the a.m.)

Who knows? Who cares? I'm just going to go to the library to sleep on it.

### Hedonism...

#### Con't from p. 1

6 - The Entrepreneur (Toronto 1985 A.D.). Enjoys repeating the phrase: "Greed is good" and "Bull market." Favourite videos are "Wall Street" and "The Jane Fonda Workout." Is bored with Danish soft porn and has begun watching *Télé Quatre Saisons*. Favourite laws involve property offenses.

7 - Student (McGill Faculty of Law, November 1990 A.D.). Preferred state is that feeling after Coffee House, or imagining that this has all served to preserve his or her position in the middle to upper class. Lives for Street Legal. Otherwise, has decided to go into another respected profession like prostitution or to wait out the revolution in hiding.

## DO YOU NEED A TYPIST? VOUS AVEZ BESOIN D'UNE D'ACTYLO?

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## Mooting Blues and Other Things

by Egya Sangmuah, LLB I

In following the debates on mootng and academic classifications in the Faculty, it is apparent that at least some people are weary of the unending process of «natural selection» and seek what I call «enlightened elitism» or a «refined rat race». Such debates are healthy, but we must be careful in choosing our analogies. In this respect, I must express disappointment with Brett Code's article in the *Quid* (Nov. 12).

Brett Code groped for a ridiculous analogy to criticize the mootng process in the Faculty and found it in the Nigerian

National Football team. With its numerous ethnic groups, I wonder how the Nigerian sports authorities could construct a team on the basis of ethnic representation. Even if they ignored small groups, their problem would not be simplified. It seems, however, that this Nigerian example was Brett Code's idea of introducing other supposedly subjective criteria: "keep a nice balance of the sexes" and "don't let in too many members of one language group." (I guess the term tribe does not fit in here.) The assumption is that being representative is necessarily subjective and defective. I see no reason why we cannot keep "a nice balance of the sexes"

and have a superb mootng team.

In advocating that professors give reasons for rejecting applicants, Brett Code also uses the analogy of a minor league hockey team. I do not see the connection between our mootng team and a minor league team. In the minor and major leagues, people show up for camp and some are cut at the end. To the best of my knowledge, this is not how the initial selection for mootng works. It is also extravagant to claim that no minor league hockey coach cuts a player without reasons and tips for the next time around. Are our professors here to nurse our fragile egos? I shudder to think so. We must debate and decide that criteria for mootng and not saddle our professors with ego nursing.

## Of «Third-World» Stereotype perpetuation: Brett Code on Nigerian National Football Teams

by Chile Eboe-Osuji, LL.M II

It appears that a certain Brett Code, LL.B II could not limit his contribution in the November 12 issue of the *Quid* to the issue at stake ('Competitive Mootng at McGill'). In order to make his point clearer on what he found to be disagreeable in the mootng teams selection method, he simply had to state (or was it ask?): 'Or is it more like the selection of the Nigerian National football team - one from each tribe - keep a nice balance of the sexes ...?' I suppose the chap got the comic effect that his argument was obviously meant to achieve in the minds of his ilk.

I write not to join issues with Brett Code's contribution to the mootng team debate, but rather to express concern on his other contribution: stereotyping the "other world". Brett Code's attitude in this regard could only have been borne out of the obsessive compulsive behaviour of some 'third-worlding' Westerners who must always bend over backwards to cast other people in a bad light even in the

most ludicrously inappropriate circumstances, without any attempt to evaluate the basis and credibility of their own perceptions. One would think that attitudes like this are nowadays receiving either rapid dumping into landfills of unbecoming social conduct, or, at the very least, confinement to redneck closets. But definitely, they have gone out of

style, especially among members of such respectable establishments like McGill's law Faculty.

In the glee of the thought of using the Nigerian National Football team to illustrate the evils of what he found abominable in the mootng teams

Con't on p. 7

### Competitive Mootng at McGill: My Turn

by Brett Code, LLB II

This week, I competed in a run-off for the Canadian Securities Moot. Twelve of us were in competition for four places. I stammered, swayed and failed to persuade. A bummer, but I was glad to have the opportunity to practice.

My thanks to Pierre Larouche who went out of his way to ensure that it was well organized. He even took the time, on a Sunday, to call each of us to let us know that our applications had been received and to set up specific times for pleading.

He's really done a great job this year; we owe him a lot of thanks. My thanks also to professors Harvison-Young and Stevens who spent several hours judging us.

Two days later, we received letters from Professor Stevens, letting us down easy. He explained the criteria used to select the team members and offered to speak with us if we had any questions. I am pleased by the whole thing. I hope that this approach is the one taken to competitive mootng in this faculty from now on. Thank you again.



### ThirdWorld...

#### Con't from p. 6

selection practices, Code, apparently, did not bother to think through his choice of example for what it does to his savvy image and argument. For instance, Nigeria has more than 250 ethnic groups; so if its national football team is made up of "one [member] from each tribe", it means that the Nigerian National football team will be a team of more than 250 members: but the type of football team that Code had in mind, has a place for only 11 members.

Furthermore, it is quite obvious that Code is typically ignorant of the achievements of Nigeria's National Football teams. Just a sampler: a Nigerian National Football team beat their West German counterparts to win the U-16 World Cup Championship played in China in 1985; in a bid to defend that title in 1987, the same team only narrowly lost the final match to the Soviet team for the runner-up position right here in Canada. I do not find it really necessary to keep listing here the achievements of Nigerian National Football teams, but it seems obvious that Brett Code would have lost his argument if McGill Law mooting teams can achieve in regional and international mooting competitions what Nigerian National Football teams have achieved in regional and international Football tournaments.

Above all, one hardly sees the connection between the Nigerian National Football teams and mooting teams of McGill University's Law Faculty.

### Montreal...

#### Suite de la p. 4

Alors cet hiver pensez à faire quelques infidélités à la mangeoire télévisuelle et aux grandes salles d'exclusivités pour retrouver à bas prix les chef-d'oeuvres du cinéma et encourager ces petites salles qui vous font honneur et que vous envie un petit français loin de chez lui!

+++++

## The Stonebanks and Stone Survey

by Corina N. Stonebanks and Erica Stone, BCL I

You've heard of the Gallup Poll? Nielsen Ratings? Well, get ready for the Stonebanks and Stone Survey!

The aim of our surveys is to tap into that great new reservoir of McGill Law ingenuity, imagination and impertinence: first year law students!

The following informal survey was taken in our Constitutional Law class with Professor de Mestral. The submissions come from myriad class members; their anonymity has thus been preserved in order to spare them the threat of that ancient law torture: the Socratic revenge!

Speaking of which, could someone please spread the rumour that Stonebanks and Stone are a pair of tall, blond Swedes? (We'll keep our eyes peeled to our notes during class, just in case...).

Survey Question: What is your Chevrette & Marx good for?

1. a weapon
2. making the other constitutional class look appealing
3. a footstool
4. keeping the lid of my «rice pressure-cooker» firmly shut
5. carrying it daily helps me to achieve that anthropoid look I'm seeking
6. meat tenderizer
7. making me look like a real law student
8. c'est un bon exercice pour les biceps
9. impressing people on the bus
10. having people look at you as if you're nuts on the bus
11. pour se frayer un chemin dans l'autobus en frappant les indésirables

12. winter: impress people in the library with all the work you do

summer: impress people on the beach with your great muscles

13. la simple lecture d'une page de ce bijou constitue un puissant aphrodisiaque

14. rearranges my back problem

15. a stand to slam-dunk basketballs

16. rien, Chev. & Marx, ils l'ont pas! Messieurs, moi je trouve que le droit constitutionnel, c'est l'enfer

17. a year's supply of toilet paper

18. use it to create a papier-mâché model of Prof. de Mestral

19. coller les tuiles de son plancher - appuyer fermement pendant une heure ou deux

20. a ouija-board to summon the god of constitutionality

21. a source of ultimate spiritual knowledge

22. excellent exterminator to get the cockroaches in those hard to reach places

23. learning to count from 1 to 1728

24. support moral, pourquoi pas. Il y a de ces jours...

25. sell copies to the Three Little Pigs for them to build a house

26. sous les reins, pendant l'amour...

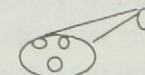
27. to distinguish McGill students from those of l'Université de Montréal because even they don't use it!

28. helps your rise to martyrdom in front of your friends and family (best effect if you are an anglophone)

29. great prop for your parents to brag about you (again, great for anglos)

30. perfect for imitating the log lady from «Twin Peaks».

Well, that's it for now! Until next time, merry Christmas to all!





## Comments about the Future of the Law Bookstore

by Professor Jeremy Webber

I understand that Brett Code at the LSA bookstore has expressed concern about the amount of help in the bookstore. The situation is sufficiently serious that the store's future may be threatened. I was sales director of the store in its third year. A little history might explain what it has meant to students.

The store was a student initiative. It was established despite the concerns of some (but certainly not all) elements in the Faculty and the Main Bookstore, who were skeptical about students' managerial ability and the degree of autonomy the bookstore committee wanted. The students persisted, and in the end the store was established as an autonomous, cooperative venture, heavily dependent on student participation. It enjoys the strong support of everyone in the Faculty.

Why the student effort? Check out the prices at U. de M. or another law faculty

and you'll have the answer. Because it was run as a cooperative with labour provided by students, it dramatically reduced the markup on both texts and casebooks.

Not only that, but it was largely responsible for the rules now governing in-house casebooks. Casebooks were shortened, unused material eliminated, and the format changed to reduce costs. When I was on the committee, we stubbornly resisted McGill printing services because we could produce the casebooks more quickly and cheaply elsewhere. The store encouraged casebook supplements rather than revisions so that students could buy books from the previous class and copies left over from previous years could be sold. Ordering became sensitive to faculty requirements. There was less waste.

As a result, the store has saved each law student hundreds of dollars during his or

her four years in the faculty. Although there are line-ups at the beginning of term and you do have to lend a hand in the store, think about the cost differential and the line-ups down the hill. Would you be better off with the previous system? Would environmental concerns and access to law school be better served?

These benefits are dependent on your involvement. The bookstore works because students made it work. This is your effort. When I was involved, the only payment was for one person part-time during the summer ordering casebooks. Throughout the year it was run jointly by an unpaid four-person committee, with dozens of volunteers at peak times. This was manageable. But if the store becomes a one-person show, it will kill that person (and the store).

If you want a law bookstore, chip in a little time to make it work. If you think it can be improved, get behind the counter and improve it.

## The Bookstore: One More Time

by Brett Code, LLB II

The Law Bookstore is on its way down the hill, I fear.

Several weeks ago, I wrote a note explaining that the Bookstore could not be run by a single person, as it is now. It requires too much work; I can't do it by myself. Over the past couple of weeks, I advertised in the *Quid Novi* for some assistance. No one responded.

I am going to Calgary and to Vancouver over the vacation for job interviews. I won't be back in Montréal until Jan. 7th.

Classes start on the 3rd. But no books will be available for sale until at least the 9th or 10th of January unless some people volunteer to help out. Unsold books need to be boxed and returned; next semester's books need to be unboxed and priced; this semester's printing costs need to be typed into a computer. In all, it would probably require 2 hours from 5 people.

Even if those volunteers do turn up, however, the real question will not have been answered. That is, would it not be better to have these books sold by the main bookstore? It is only a block away. The hours are convenient for all. It would

only cost about 20% more per year (plus tax). And the queues are not too long most of the time.

As it is, the Law Bookstore is not working very well, nor can it without some sign that the students of this Faculty want it to.

Because I want to ensure that the books for the second semester are available for purchase during the first week of classes and because it is my responsibility to do so, I feel pretty much compelled to ask the main bookstore to take over. Once it does so, however, we'll not get it back.

If you think that having our own bookstore is beneficial, I kindly request that you act in order to save it.



# Bachelor living in the '90s

by Mark J. Steinberg, BCL II

The end of summer was approaching and it suddenly dawned upon me that I was still inhabiting the strangulating, repressively iniquitous atmosphere of a madhouse that was my parents' home. The antidote to this despairing existence and the preservation of my sanity became abundantly clear: Move out and live on my own.

If you've ever thought of moving out or have done so recently, there are a few indispensable «rules of thumb» I think you should be made aware of:

## Bachelor Rule #1: Never Wash your Dirty Dishes

This is a completely futile exercise since they will only become dirty again. The better solution is to use them once (they'll be clean initially since you'll have «stolen» them from your parents' home) and then hang them up as art deco (note: this is not recommended if the plate is covered with remnants of starchy sugar-coated foods which may after time turn into an evil gargoyle or even worse: an insurance salesman!). The second possibility is to grind the «sullied platters» into a fine mulch which makes a

terrific fertilizer that can be used to make potted-plants thrive and house-guests tear.

## Bachelor Rule #2: Don't Bother Buying Curtains for Windows

The better answer is to buy a few nails and liberally tack-up bedsheets over windows where excessive entrance of sunlight or local «Gross Indecency» laws demand. Doing this fulfills both the «saving of money» objective and, perhaps more importantly, gives your new «pad» all the splendor and majesty

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## Slip a Disc

by Brian Fell

Well, one of my favourite forms of hedonism (riding my motorcycle) has come to an end due to weather conditions. That means that I'll no longer be satisfying the hedonistic leather fetish of certain unnamed colleagues. Anyways, on to other things.

With the exam cram session bearing down on us like a TGV, it's time to plan ahead for those breaks you'll be taking when your head needs a little time off. One of my favourite exam time-outs is to listen to some new music. I discovered a new album that should be great for getting your attention right out of law for a while.

I was listening for CBC's Night Lines on the weekend and heard a new group from Guelph named Three Guys in a Truck (more on that name later). The disc is on the independent Corridor label and as they said: «there's no promotion happening so get your finger on the record button». I did just that and got

ahold of some great sounds. I've listened to it a few times since and recommend it as worth searching for.

The opener «El Otro El Norte» is an angry piece about the treatment of Latin Americans who wanted to live in the USA but because of tight immigration laws got channelled into Canada only to face the threat of deportation. Intolerance to immigrants by people who were once themselves immigrants is the theme here. The lasting image is that of the Chilean on social assistance who, surrounded and intimidated by the wealth of others, feels «poorer than she ever did at home».

«Freedom Traded, Freedom Lost» addresses the uncertainty of the future in the face of the Free Trade Agreement. «Have I got what it takes, do I need what it gives?» asks lead singer Ron Hayton. Images of industry closures and the metamorphosis of Canada into «Mexico North» paint not a cheerful picture.

The album lightens up a bit with «Take

the Wheel». This band has obviously spent a lot of time on the road and this song relates the plight of the middleman who is forever taking over steering duties as the driver rolls a cigarette, sets up his coffee, takes off his jacket, etc...

The album really takes off with a powerful cover of «Mystery Train». The amount of sound that these three musicians generate is reminiscent of The Who at their loudest.

Finally, «They still write 'em like that (but you'll never hear them)» is really what this band's about. With many bars going 100% video and the rest requiring Top 40 covers from their live acts, Three Guys in a Truck tell us that «Live's in its death throes and Original's with Elvis».

According to the radio interview, this is how they got their name. Few clubs want to hire them and very few that do will allow them to play their own material. They can no longer support themselves solely through their music and have to

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# Do Law Students Know what Pleasure Is?

by Zino Macaluso, LLB IV

Does pleasure really exist? Its kind of like the concept of absolute ownership of land outside Québec - you would like to think it does, but it really does not.

Sure, we would all like to think we know and experience pleasure, but our perceptions have been distorted by indoctrination. Who among us can claim they have never lost a friend to law? It's gotten so bad in some cases that pleasure is defined as finding a really great article on equitable trusts. Or, is pleasure the cancellation of a Security on Immoveables class (after which we sit in the T.V. room and wait for our next important class to roll around). And, of course, the ultimate: a Quashnock summary for P.I.L. Oooohhh! The heart

pounds with anticipation!

Consider the answers I got to the following questions:

1. Is sex pleasurable? Ans.: I used to think so, but now my feminist legal theory course has taught me that all heterosexual sex is rape.
2. I hear you broke up with Janet, what happened? Ans.: Relationships come and go - only fee simples last forever.
3. Hey, wanna go to dinner? Ans.: Not right now, I'm just starting to get a handle on this «renvoi» thing.

Law school has gotten to be like flossing

your teeth. You know how sometimes you draw blood while flossing and it hurts - but in a sick, twisted way, you kind of enjoy it? That's my definition of constitutional law! My point is this: maybe one day, if we search hard enough, we may finally feel real pleasure - but that feeling you get from finally going through a Tax Act provision without passing out is not how we should be defining it.

I say get into your cars and drive through the country to smell the fresh air - what the hell! We've got no-fault car insurance.

**Bachelor...**

**Con't from p. 9**

of a Queens, New York «crack-house» (which can only endear you that much more to neighbours and superintendent alike).

Bachelor Rule #3: Only Buy Clothes Made of 100% Polyester

The wash-n'-wear industry, surprisingly, has been largely ignored by the general population in the past few years, and «smart» outfits can be purchased for a song. Let your classmates laugh at your John Travolta/Saturday Night Fever white suit pants and your dark brown McDonald's logo-emblazoned «chemise». They can't be expected to understand your style and taste in clothing since they are tired and irritable from having been up all night ironing and pressing their wrinkle-prone and impractical 100% cotton garments.

Bachelor Rule #4: Always Shout

When speaking to friends who have come to visit you in your new «home» *cum* rat-infested hell-hole, be sure to speak loudly and cleanly, because as every good neighbour knows, it is not polite to force your «pals on the other side of the paper-thin walls» to exert themselves when they feel like eavesdropping on your private conversations.

I can only hope that these «axioms of bachelordom» help you through the difficult transition from the «family-nest» to your own abode. Saving that, I pray that at the very least, they have provided you with much-needed

**Slip...**

**Con't from p.9**

work odd construction jobs to make ends meet. What it finally comes down to is that the «Three Guys» and the truck they bought for their gigs get more work and make more money moving construction equipment than audio equipment.

They could be coming to Station 10 soon. Check it out and ask your retailer to order in the disc.

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## Quotes of the Week

Sex and drugs and rock-and-roll? What are they???

-Ernie Schloppe, BCL II

If only there were more time for.....you know.

-Ernie's brother Fernie, LLB II